

The Catalan

The stray words that wounded us
When the night was falling
And we kept a vigil for signs of peace
As we stayed awake
And watched as the fire bombs
Descended
 And thought of Dresden
We remained calm
On the outside
But, inside, we were churning
Inside, we felt like an
Alarm had gone off
 And all the senses were awakeded
They remained ajar
Until we saw out hands
Like tokens, illuminated by the eery light
That came funneling through
The bedroom window
And the canisters of air
We had lined against the wall
Stood tall and prim
Like a rank of soldiers
Until finally, your aunt
Withdrew for the evening
And we sat alone, you and I,
And glanced across the years
Together that we had shared
 Uneasily
And wondered
 Do we know where we are?
Space travelers
Wrapped in a cloud of gloom
So we kept our focus
On the tasks at hand
And held hands
It seemed like the thing to do
Hoping for a break
From the unrelenting
Silence that fell around us
We strove with purpose
To re-ignite the past
When the something that flowed

Between us was more than just memories
 But now, we are lost
So I think of Vasquez and the gold he was
searching for
How it melted before him
In the midday sun
But, still, we keep on looking anyway,
We continue to run
Towards the dreams we have ignited
Our history
Can it be that our time has come
Can it be that the one chance
We were given
Has come to an end
Do not succumb
My love
Do not succumb
We have stepped through the fire
And received our share of burns
 But now that episode is over
And we are safely on the other side
Now, that is so full of mysteries
And there is nothing they can do to us now,
that they haven't already done
But we
We can recover
From our injuries
And when the time is right
Give our speech
And the silence will be so deafening
That the proverbial pin
Will set in motion
The murmurs of a thousand dreams
And every last cast
Of a fool who stood by
And watched
As the tigers gaped
With frozen jaws
At the last chance to take their quarry
These will be the chances we take
One by one
With humility
To reclaim our place
My love

The Silver Dragon

and that is me

I am emerging from the darkness
and the shadow that is cast
is so loud that it disturbs the neighbors
who are proud and my voice
that rattles from the fears
that have come loose
and that have
settled uncomfortably
in my voice pipes sounds like a rusted chain

It knows not when to stop or to start
and resonates unpleasantly
and with its hollow tones
obtrudes like a drunk, stumbling
and bounces off the bones that has it
surrounded

I am emerging but
it remains unclear
who is the celebrity
me or my fears,
which have accompanied
every step and hope
for their share of the limelight

We have gone to the left
but the world
it has faltered and cast
imagination aside
in the quest for security
now we are just the bunglers
who have no pride of distinction

The future it has spoke
to me, a seasoned
guest, an imposter
no less, no less
than all the worlds combined
are standing on the curbside,
awaiting the moment when
the caravan will arrive
magnificent entourage
standing prim and tall
with the rectitude of soldiers
and the clarion call explosion
that is hidden from us
that we can't see because at one
time when the earth was frozen
there emerged
from the sea, a silver dragon

To My Friend, Laura (with love)

The mad dash that we made
to see the Raphael
before the rains came
made us laugh
and our hearts swell
from the thrill of it all,
like Roxy sang,
like Roxy
only no one could tell
whether here was
now
or some other place that
had happened
while the crowd swelled
in Trafalgar Square
we came to rest
on a bench
you and I
fumbling in the dark
while the lights sprinkled through
the summer time leaves
and we resumed our wandering
through cheap wine
and cheaper beer
and everywhere there were
Marlboros
then, filling up the air
filling up our lungs
we were so important then
and every thought we spied
as it came into view
was like a gift from the Gods
only we were wiser than them,
we were wiser
and flew off to Rome
at the stroke of ten
when the train
emerged from the tunnel
that was then
and this is now
and for all the rest it doesn't matter
if we can keep the hope alive
if we can keep alive the hope
that is the refuge of our prayers